

His kiss 45

Chapter 45

With Loretta's gaze on him, Wesley had no choice but to comply. He accepted her request, his expression unreadable.

Loretta, visibly delighted by the display of youthful harmony, clapped her hands together. "Go on and chat, the three of you. I'll get dinner ready—it won't take long."

Soon enough, Loretta returned, arms full of steaming dishes, and called everyone to the table. She absolutely doted on Fiona, urging her to eat more and constantly adding food to her plate, her approval shining through every gesture.

Annoyance sparked behind Fiona's lashes but disappeared as quickly as it appeared. That grimy fork had obliterated any trace of hunger, but she forced herself to smile through it, determined to appear gracious for Wesley's sake. Wesley, arms folded, watched her performance unfold.

Once the meal ended, Loretta bustled over and tapped Wesley's shoulder. "Wesley, Brenden—sit with Fiona for a while. I'll whip up some drinks for everyone."

Brenden didn't want to be the third wheel, so he angled himself toward the opposite end of the couch, already half-distracted by his phone as he shot off a quick message to his girlfriend.

Fiona edged a little closer to Wesley, letting herself lean into the solid comfort of his presence. Her voice came out soft. "Wesley..."

“Sorry, I have to catch up on some work,” he interrupted, not looking at her as he slid his phone from his pocket. He offered a clipped, polite nod, then focused on his screen, his thumbs moving deliberately as he scrolled through unread notifications.

At the top sat his last WhatsApp chat with Gabriela—a blunt refusal from her to make him pasta. The memory tugged at him.

He found himself wondering what Gabriela was doing now.

Actually, Gabriela was busy in the kitchen, sleeves rolled up and hair tied back. She was a master at talking herself into surrender—and tonight proved no exception.

It didn’t take long for her to realize that cooking was nothing compared to the danger of getting fired from Apex Group.

Since Phyllis was out for the evening, Gabriela slipped into the kitchen and enlisted the help of the cook. In no time, she had a pan of pasta simmering on the stove, the rich aroma curling through the air, making the whole kitchen feel inviting.

She moved on to the borscht, working with quick, practiced hands.

Watching from the edge, the cook, Ken Belmont, couldn’t help but praise her. “Honestly, your cooking might even surpass mine.”

Gabriela returned his smile, her eyes bright with mischief. “Thanks.”

Making borscht was child’s play, but the arrogant texts on her WhatsApp kept replaying in her mind, souring her mood. Irritated, she started tossing ingredients into the pot with reckless abandon.

“Oh, you don’t eat cilantro or onions. Nothing too sweet, no strong flavors, and no chili. Let’s see how you handle this,” she muttered under her breath, grabbing fistfuls of sugar and chili and flinging them in.

Ken could only stare, speechless. He quietly rued his earlier praise as the soup transformed into an unappetizing mess.

With brisk efficiency, Gabriela ladled the potent soup into a thermal container, snapped the lid shut, and hailed a cab for the office.

She arrived before seven, only to find the main doors locked tight against the evening chill.

Shivering on the steps, she pulled out her phone and shot off a text to “NotASaunders.”

“When will you arrive?”